

FAMILY.

TO MY DAUGHTER JULIE; FIRST-BORN.

You are our beloved first-born, our little miracle of life,
You brought such joy and happiness to me and my dear wife.
I remember still the first time that I ever held you near,
On that wonderful, magic Autumn day I came very close to a tear.
You looked up at your father with those beautiful clear, bright eyes,
And you smiled straight up into my face, it was such a lovely surprise.

You were a lovely little girl, with your shoulder length fair hair,
Full of happiness, joy and laughter, with hardly ever a care.
Except on the occasion, in the garden, when you found a poor dead mouse,
Your mother had to persuade you, not to take it into the house.
For you wanted to keep it forever, it was so soft and warm.
But dead creatures do turn nasty, and I'm sure can do you harm.

You were an independent girl, and would play for hours alone,
Though you did have lots of little friends, who would visit you at home.
Once you found a dead bird, but you could not understand,
And I had to explain what death was, as you held it in your hand.
When you realised what was wrong with it, poor bardie, you would say,
Every time that you thought of it, throughout that summer day.

When we went to the seaside, you always thought it grand,
You'd play for hours and hours on end, alone, in the golden sand.
And you always loved the water, even when it was bitterly cold,
You learned to swim quite early, for a child you were exceptionally bold.
We paddled in a little brook, when we went for a roam,
But you fell over and filled your boots and we had to go back home.

As a school girl your long hair was a very lovely sight,
With brilliant bronze and copper colours gleaming in the light.
Like a gold cascade it fell to your shoulders, framing your sweet face,
Except when your little girl pony tail held it all neatly in place.
But it became troublesome to look after, and so it had to go,
How the thought of it upset me, I'm sure you will never know.

While I was off at work one day you had it all cut short,
And all that day I felt quite sad at the very thought,
But when I saw you later on, what a wonderful surprise,
You looked so grown up and beautiful I couldn't believe my eyes.
I realised then that my little girl was growing up so fast,
For you had changed so dramatically since I saw you last.

You are a lovely young woman now, so independent and free,
And we are still very proud of you, your dear mother and me.
Although you have left us now, and have a home of your own,
We are very pleased to see you, or to hear you on the 'phone.
The weeks, months and years pass by, in an accelerating whirl,
But you are still our first-born, our darling little girl.